MANUDUCTIO ad COELUM.

A

POEM.

IN TWO

PARTS.

I. *Of Joy and Sadneſs. How a good Man ought to rejoice. He that looks before him is not caſt down. Several Antidotes againſt Sorrow.*

II. *Of Patience: The Occaſions and Effects of it. The Signs of it. An Exhortation to it; with Inſtructions how to behave our ſelves in Adverſity. The neceſſity of Perſeverance.*

Extracted out of the Writings of the Holy Fathers and Ancient Philoſophers, by *John Bona* a *Ciſtertian* Abbot:
And turn'd into Verſe by *James Chamberlayne*, Baronet.

C.W. ex dono Authoris

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BRITISH MUSEUM

MANUDUCTIO ad COELUM.

A

POEM.

PART I.

Of Joy and Sadneſs. How a good Man ought to rejoyce. He that looks before him is not caſt down. Several Anti-dotes *againſt Sorrow.*

I.

JOY, when it once doth ſo exceſſive grow,
That it all Bounds of Reaſon doth or'e-flow,
Draws ever after't, as we daily find,
A total Diſſolution of the Mind.
We then muſt have a prudent care of that,
And likewiſe muſt our Joys ſo moderate,
That if need be from Mirth, to Grief we may
Diſpoſe our ſelves, act readily each way.
Our bleſſed Saviour, who muſt ſure be thought
The ableſt Arbiter of things, ſays not

Thoſe are the Bleſt that laugh, and frollick here,
But they that Mourn the truly Bleſſed are.
It were indeed a ſtrange indecency
For one that doth profeſs himſelf to be
Purſuant of the great Eternity,
Among ſo many perils that are found
Daily the All of Man to Circle round,
So many juſt occaſions as there are
Of ſadneſs, to be always Gigling here,
Making of antick mouths, and like a Boy
Laughing to tranſport for each trifling Toy.
This Worlds fugacious Pleaſures, and the Joys
Of which we talk, and make ſo great a Noiſe,
Are frequently obſerv'd to be the Fate,
And Prodromus of a moſt anxious ſtate:
There neither true nor ſolid Joy can be,
But in a Conſcience juſt, ſerene and free,
He that doth cheriſh, and take care o'th' one,
Shall find the other his Companion,
For in his Breaſt it grows, there takes delight,
And baffles all the efforts of baſe deſpight.
All other Joy, but what proceeds from this,
Wants ſubſtance, and but light and trivial is;
And there are thoſe that Laugh, who in that while
Of their falſe Mirth, have little cauſe to ſmile.
True Joy a ſerious matter is, and there
Muſt be a Conſcience from Pollutions clear,
Intentions honeſt, Actions moſt upright,
A great contempt of this vain Worlds delight,
And the continu'd Series of a fair
Unſpotted Life, for to maintain it here.
There never can be perfect Joy without
Impartial Juſtice, Temp'rance, and a ſtout
Undaunted Courage, that is reſolute.
This Virtue's Method is, at firſt to weep,
And ever after *Halcyon* days to keep.

Sadneſs,

II.

Sadneſs, the black'ſt of Paſſions, is defin'd
To be a perturbation of the Mind,
Which from ſome preſent Evil takes its riſe,
That either real, or conceived is.
This fetters all our Senſes, pulleth down
Heav'ns Image, Reaſon, from her rightful Throne,
And in her room, by Fancies pow'rful Charm,
Sets up a feigned Ill to work our Harm.
By which we oft-times to our ſelves create,
And find more trouble in the fond Coneit
Of Things, than in the Things themſelves can er'e
Be found, if ſtrictly they examin'd were.
Wherefore be not too ſedulous to know,
And prie into the ſtate of things below,
How with our ſelves, or others, matters ſtand
Concerning Servants, Moneys, Buſineſs, Lands;
But rather take into regard th' eſteem,
And real judgement which we have of them.
'Tis not within the Pow'r of any Wight,
Of greateſt Wit or Courage, cleareſt ſight,
By one, or all together, that can free
Himſelf from Force, Diſgrace, or Robbery.
But this is in his Pow'r to undertake,
An upright judgment of theſe things to make,
And to content himſelf that they are not
Entirely Evil, as by him they're thought,
But often-times (if he but wiſely knows
To manage them) prove advantageous.
He that is under preſent Trouble brought,
Though ne're ſo great, let him but bend his thought
To a good guarded Conſcience, which a ſure
And laſting Comfort is, and there's his Cure.

To a good Man nothing can come amiſs,
Not that he feels not what ſad Mis'ry is,
But he doth maſter't, and conſiders all
Bitter Afflictions that do him befall,
Only as matter for his Patience to
Be buſi'd on, leſt it ſhould idle grow;
Or as the Inſtrument, and means of Grace,
And that which opens him a way to paſs
Into Eternal Glory, where the Bleſt
No Sorrows know, but undiſturbed reſt.
A good man may be thought unhappy, though,
If rightly judg'd, he never can be ſo.

III.

It doth extreamly much abate the keen
Edge of Misfortune, when it is foreſeen;
And to our ſelves to ſtate the matter thus,
Whatever may be, ſhall fall out to us;
For he that's thus prepar'd can never be
Plung'd in ſurprizes of a Miſerie.
All kind of Diſappointments heavy fall
Upon thoſe Men whoſe thoughts, and actions all
Are fixt upon Proſperity, as that
Which they account to be the happieſt ſtate.
What if a man ſhould loſe the half, or all
Of his Eſtate? What if his Houſe ſhould fall?
His Corn be blaſted? and his Friends ſhould leave
Him, when his needs doth their aſſiſtance crave?
What if his Credit ſhould endanger'd be?
(Than which no greater Evil he can ſee)
His Office ta'ne away? his honour'd Gown
Turn'd or'e his Ears, for Crimes to him unknown?

And to all this let's add tormenting Pain,
Bondage, from which he ne're can freedom gain,
Till welcome Death knocks off th' uneaſie Chain.
A frightful Ruin, laying all things waſte,
And Fire devouring with diſpatchful haſte:
All this to no more comes, than what each wiſe
And prudent Man's prepar'd for, and foreſees.
There is no worldly Miſery that is known,
Which he beforehand has not thought upon,
And made as eaſie to be born by him,
By long conſidering on't from time to time,
As others by long ſuff'rance make't, to whom
A ſecond Nature 'tis almoſt become.
That which to any Man may come to paſs,
May be (for ought we know) each Perſons Caſe.
Where's the Rich Man that can himſelf ſecure
From pinching Hunger, or from being Poor?
Where's the great Man that wholly is exempt
From foul Diſgrace, or Scorners baſe Contempt?
Where is the Kingdom (altho' ne're ſo great,
So rich and Pop'lous) or the Nation that
May not be overturn'd, and have not one
Soul left therein, its moſt ſad Fate to moan?
Have we not liv'd to ſee, with our own Eyes,
A Great, and Glorious Prince, Religious, Wiſe,
Whoſe Equal never any Kingdom had,
Brought to the Fatal Block, there loſe his head,
By his own Subjects impious command,
And this perform'd by th' common Hang-man's hand?
A Villany beyond Example great!
And ſuch as of the like no Book doth treat.
Yet theſe prodigeous Changes mention'd here,
Not Works of long and tedious Ages are,
There but a Moment's difference doth lye
'Twixt flowing Plenty, and ſtarv'd Beggery,

The glorious coſtly-Court, and the moſt mean,
Cold-ragged Cottage of the pooreſt Man;
A lofty Throne, adorn'd with Gems of price,
And a rais'd Scaffold where the Pris'ner dyes.
This is the ſtrangely variable ſtate
Of Humane things, ſo very fickle, that
What was to day another Perſons Lot,
May be to Morrow mine, as well as not;
No Man endures ill Fortune with leſs harm,
Than he that always doth expect its Storm.

IV.

Virtue has in Proſperity but ſmall,
Or no occaſion to appear at all.
But in that diſmal Melancholy Hour
Of ſad Adverſity, her Conqu'ring Pow'r
Is in our Patience manifeſted ſo,
That to her ſtrength the ſtouteſt Troubles bow.
We are become a Spectacle (ſaith *Paul*)
To God, and Angels, Men in general.
And 'tis a ſight in which God takes delight,
To ſee a brave Man with ill Fortune fight;
With head-ſtrong Paſſions, and all Caſualties,
(Thoſe his confounding ſtubborn Enemies)
And in great Triumph leading, as he goes,
All his Domeſtick and his Forreign Foes.
A Pilot's skill is not diſcern'd at all
In Governing a Ship, when under Sail
In a ſmooth quiet Sea, and gentle Gale.
And He that is not try'd, hath this miſchance
To live in an unfruitful Ignorance.
And yet when try'd how apt are moſt of us
Unwiſely to complain, and cry out thus——

Moſt miſerable Men, that ever we
Should have endur'd ſo great Calamity!
When as moſt happy Men (ſay I) we are,
That by this means have gain'd this profit here,
That with great Honour, and brave Conſtancy,
We have bore up our ſelves in Miſery;
Where others would perchance have ſhrunk, or fell
Under the Burthen, which we manag'd well.
We therefore are not to give up, and yield
Our ſelves, but ſtoutly muſt maintain the Field,
In Croſſes and Diſaſters, and there ſtand
Firm to encounter all their dreadful Band.
For 'tis but bravely ſtanding to their Front,
And breaking of their firſt and furious Brunt,
And we ſhall find the reſt to be no more
But Fancy and Opinion, of no Pow'r.
The Works of Nature in all Perſons are
Found to be all alike, no Blame's in Her.
But for Diſcredit, Contumely, low
Deſpiſed Poverty, and what elſe we know
Are Evils call'd by the ignoble Rout,
Who ſeldom have a right well guided thought,
Some there are known who do endure them all
With a ſubmiſſive Patience, and they fall
On others who no reck'ning of them make,
Nor notice of them in the leaſt do take.
So that 'tis not the force (as ſome Men own)
Of any Natural Impreſſion
That we do labour under, but 'tis hence,
From a perverſe Opinion's Influence.
Why then ſhould Man ſo horridly belie
Himſelf, and call that a Calamity,
A Burthen inſupportable, which he
May order ſo, that it ſhall eaſie be?
Let him but his Opinion change of it,
And then 'twill eaſie on his Shoulders ſit.

Each Man is juſt as miſerable as
Upon himſelf he doth a judgment paſs;
And let him ſtill complain of what he will,
Yet there is no Affliction half ſo ill
As his impatience, this is of the two
The greater Miſchief, and moſt harm will do.

V.

Is there a Sickneſs, or a Pain ſo great,
So very ſtubborn, and ſo obſtinate,
That in ſome meaſure Time will not allay,
Or take it from us utterly away?
If ſo, the Queſtion is, Whether 'tis fit
That we our ſelves ſhould put an end to it;
Or whether we with Patience ſhould attend
Till it without us cometh to an end?
For Time, to whom all Earthly things muſt bow,
Will moſt aſſuredly at laſt that do;
Which common Prudence at the preſent might
Better perform, would it aſſert it's right.
Nay, had we ne're ſo prone, ſo great a Will,
To entertain and cheriſh in us ſtill
Bewitching Melancholy, 'twould depart
At length, in ſpight of all our Pow'r and Art.
'Tis true, that Grief when it is freſh i'th' mind,
May Tenderneſs, and much Compaſſion find;
But when it waxeth old, it apiſh grows,
Than which there's nothing that's more odious.
If an unhappy Wretch advantag'd were
By ſobbing and lamenting, he ſhould ne're
By me be hinder'd, but have my conſent
That's Days and Nights in Sighs and Groans be ſpent,
In all the Outrages that er'e was known
By a dejected Creature to be done;

But

But if our Howling and our Crying be
Of no advantage in our Miſerie,
Let's to victorious Reſolutions fly,
And fight our troubles till they vanquiſh'd lye.
That Pilot merits to be thrown o're-Bord
That in a Storm will not his skill afford,
But quits the Helm, and ſets the Ship adrift,
In that great danger for her ſelf to ſhift.
But he that ſtands with a Courageous heart,
Firm to his Tackle, and with all his Art
Bears briskly up againſt the Storm, though He
Should with the Veſſel over-whelmed be,
Yet dies with Honour and the Comfort too
Of having done what he was bound to do.

MANUDUCTIO ad COELUM,

A

POEM.

PART II.

Of Patience, the Occaſions and Effects of it. The Signs of it. An Exhortation to it, with Inſtructions how to behave our ſelves in Adverſity. The neceſſity of Perſeverance.

I.

PAtience a Virtue is, that makes Mankind
To bear Affliction with an even mind.
But as of Mis'ries ſev'ral ſorts there are,
Some more vexatious, and ſome leſs, ſo there
Are ſev'ral Names which fitly we beſtow
On humble Patience, ſuitable unto
The various Evils which it is to be
Practic'd upon, to try its Conſtancy.
Patience, ſo called properly, is this;
An Heav'nly Gift of bearing Injuries,

 Without

Without the leaſt diſturbance of the Mind,
And with a Courage not to be confin'd.
When it relates to the low worthleſs things,
(Which oft-times trouble to the Owner bring;)
The loſs of Worldly Goods, and Fortune, we
Give it the Name of *Equanimitie.*
And that which buoys the Heart up (which the ſeat
And Fountain is of active Life, and Heat)
In the delays, and the defeat of ſome
Expected Good, which ne're is found to come,
We have a proper genuine Name, which we
Expreſs this by, call'd *Longanimitie.*
But the Heroick Virtue which defends,
And fortifies us to all other ends,
Which doth ſupport and comfort us in all
The Griefs, and Miſeries that do us befal,
Is known by the all-glorious Name, which we
Deſerv'dly give't, unſhaken *Conſtancie.*
A Virtue which all others doth exeed,
And which we more than all the reſt do need.
'Tis not for nothing that Mans Life is here
A Warfare call'd, conſid'ring how we are
With Foes beſet, what Troops of Miſchiefs break
Dayly into us, their Revenge to wreak.
There's not a nimble Moment ſlips away
Without a fierce Aſſault, and furious Fray;
And if we had no ſpiteful Foes without,
Yet we ſhould find it work enough to rout
Thoſe cruel ones which in our Boſoms lie,
Strugling with us to gain a Victory.
We breed and Harbour Enemies enow,
Within our ſelves to work our overthrow;
That give no reſpite, but do all they can
To torture, and diſturb the Soul of Man.
Weeping we come into the World, and ſo
We live in it, and ſo do forth of't go.

'Tis the firſt thing we learn, in our young Morn,
And Dawn of Years, ſo ſoon as we are Born;
And we can find our Eyes with Tears diſtil,
When we of nothing elſe are capable.
Divers there are upon Record, who while
They here convers'd were never known to ſmile,
But we ne're heard of any Perſon yet
Whoſe Eyes a penſive-Tear did never let.
It therefore doth concern us all to be
With Patience arm'd, without which Virtue we
No Noble Conqueſt o're our Foes can gain,
Nor e're Perfections glorious height attain.
No Mortal knows the Luſter of this Gem,
Nor rightly how to give't its due Eſteem;
Till he doth read it, that's to ſay, till He
Is plung'd into the Sea of Miſery.
Never was any prudent Perſon known
To be impatient in Affliction.

II.

He has the more to fear, and juſtly too,
That never yet did Adverſe Fortune know:
The learn'd Phyſicians do in this agree,
There may too good a ſtate of Body be;
And that there nothing is more dang'rous than
A Plethory unto the Health of Man.
So a dead Calm at Sea, the Sea-men cry,
Is a Fore-runner of a Storm that's nigh.
If we are under the unpleaſant ſtroke
Of froward Accidents, we are not to look
Upon it as a Cruelty, or own
We undergo a Perſecution;
But a Conteſt, which will our Temples Crown
With a Victorious Wreath, and gain Renown.

Without a Fight there can no Conqueſt be,
And Triumph none, without a Victory.
Now if our Captain of Salvation was
Himſelf to ſuffer, and this way to paſs
Into his Glory, ſhall ſuch Worms as we,
Such abject Creatures, think to go Scot-free,
And Gratis be partakers made of what
Another hath at ſuch a dear rate bought.
He that doth think by any other way,
Than through Afflictions Door, to enter Joy,
Deceives himſelf, for Tribulation is
The Rode chalk'd out unto the Seat of Bliſs.
A Chriſtians Sacramental Oath is this,
To do all good, and ſuffer Injuries.
Lively to Paint, and the true Tokens ſhow,
Of a moſt perfect Patience, come we now.
He that has reach'd that happy Point doth bear
All adverſe Fortune that befalls him here,
And in the height of all his Woes is known
To ſhow no Signs of Reluctation:
He murmurs not under the ſcourging Rod,
Nor Ill for Ill returns, but always good.
He loves his Foes with an unfeigned Love,
And to the Throne of the great God above
Sends up his Pray'rs in the behalf of thoſe
Who ſeek to Rob him of his ſweet Repoſe.
He ſees the gentle hand of the moſt High
In his Afflictions, and ſubmiſſively
Sits down, and either nothing ſays at all,
Or for Relief to none but Heav'n doth call,
Reſolv'd with Joy and thankfulneſs to bear
What God ſees fit to lay upon him here.
To Sum up all, it is an high degree
Of Patience to endure contentedly
The wrong our Brother doth us, though the Man
Be to us as injurious as he can.

III.

When we do loſe our Worldly Goods, 'tis no
Small comfort to us ſome time to beſtow
A ſerious thought on their uncertain ſtate,
And how, when once encreas'd, they do abate.
What er'e we love, or in this World poſſeſs,
A flitting Fugitive by Nature is;
It is with us indeed, but by juſt right
It is not ours, nor can we ſtay it's flight.
And we are not to fool our ſelves, and run
Into a vain and needleſs Paſſion,
For a fantaſtick thought our idle Brain,
Of their continuance here, doth entertain.
For we to every thing uncertain are,
Whereas we firmly ſhould to it adhere;
And therefore can expect that ought ſhould be
Conſtant to us, for our Inconſtancy.
Virtue the only thing excepted is,
This truly's that which doth immortalize
Mortality it ſelfe; all elſe we find
Carry their Death with them, and are but Wind.
Betwixt our ſelves and our Poſſeſſions then,
Let's keep a diſtance wide enough, for when
They come to mingle and incorporate,
He takes our Heart, that taketh our Eſtate.
A good Man cannot properly be ſaid,
To ſuffer loſs of any thing he had,
For whatſoer'e of Wealth or Honour can
Be from him took, is no part of the Man;
But ſomewhat added to his Perſon, that,
Whether it ſtays or goes, he values not,
Eſteeming not himſelfe to be at all
Richer, or Poorer, let what will befal.

O what a deal of pudder do we make,
How loud our Out-cries and our Sorrows ſpeak,
When we our Mony loſe, or when from us,
Death takes a Child, or fire conſumes our Houſe!
But we can leave our Virgin Modeſty,
Part with our Virtue, and our Conſtancy,
And not ſo much as in our Faces ſhow
A conſcious Bluſh, when any of them go.
And yet we here, without a troubled thought,
Loſe a ſubſtantial Good, and more then that,
We likewiſe part with what's our own, whereas
In th' other Caſe we let not either paſs.
He that Laments for ſuch a triffling loſs,
Deſerves to feel the Worlds ſevereſt Croſs.
If 'twere not for a ſtrange diſorder'd Love,
(Which to our Peace the fatal'ſt Foe doth prove)
We ſhould not then this falſity believe,
We ought had loſt that this vain World can give.
For what are outward things, what profit can
Their poor enjoyments give the inward Man?
Or betwixt Wiſdom and our Money, what
True Correſpondence can there well be thought?

IV.

It would do well, in whatſoever we
Do goe about, to ſhow ſuch Prudencie,
As to take in the Adjuncts that attend
The Thing on which our buſie thoughts we bend.
For there are many Circumſtances that,
For want of heed and fore-ſight, may create
Vexation to us, and ſuch Tempeſts raiſe,
That will diſturb our ſweet Repoſe and Joys.
I call my Servant, and perchance it may
Be his misfortune to be out o'th' way;

Or

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For there are many Circumſtances that,
For want of heed and fore-ſight, may create
Vexation to us, and ſuch Tempeſts raiſe,
That will diſturb our ſweet Repoſe and Joys.
I call my Servant, and perchance it may
Be his misfortune to be out o'th' way;

Or

Or elſe he idle ſtands, and does not go
About the Bus'neſs which I'd have him do.
I am to make a Viſit, who knows but
The Man will not be ſeen, or elſe may ſhut,
The Door againſt me, and refuſe to me
Admittance, valuing not my Company.
Suppoſe but this beforehand, and we ſhall
Think all is well, and never vex at all.
It is the wambling of a nauſeous mind,
(The chief Diſeaſe that reigns in Woman-kind,)
To fret and brawl, becauſe that ſuch a one
Admittance had, where I was bid be-gon.
I could not get ſo much as one poor Word
With ſuch a Perſon, at his well-fill'd Board,
Down to the lower end I crowded was,
When I deſerv'd to have the chiefeſt place.
He that's not mov'd with this, no notice takes
At all of it, into no Paſſion breaks.
And he that underſtands it not to be
Matter of Courſe, and meer Formality,
Without diſpute muſt be concluded one
That to th' Affairs of Humane life's unknown.
If we can mend it let us, and if not,
Like Virtue's Souldiers let us take our Lot.
We daily apt are loudly to exclaim
Againſt the Evils of our Age, to blame
Sly Malice, Impudence, and Wickedneſs,
And we do well, and prudently in this,
If we can but reform the World, and drive
Out of't the Fools and Knaves that in it live.
But if this will not be, our Prudence ought
To teach our Tongues not to be finding fault;
Since 'tis no new device for men to go
In their own way, and what they pleaſe to do.
Why don't we rather turn the blame upon
Our ſelves, for hoping what can ne're be done?

The World was never otherwiſe, nor e're
Will other be, while we continue here;
As long as there are Men, there faults will be,
Should they remain unto Eternitie.

V.

He that doth labour under any weight
Of ſad Affliction, be it ſmall or great,
Should wiſely ponder not ſo much upon
What are his Suffrings, as what he has done.
And what he now ſo highly doth reſent,
Eſteeming it a rig'rous Puniſhment,
Will then be found, as it deſerves to be,
A gentle Mercy, not Severitie:
And that the ſtrokes of this reforming Rod
Are laid upon him by Almighty-God
To work his good, to make him more ſubmiſs,
To try and harden him in Miſeries,
And ſo reclaim him, that his Reaſon may
O're all his Paſſions have a Sov'raign ſway.
They that enjoy their fill of Pleaſure here,
Oft kept for Torments in the next World are,
He that doth tumble in his deareſt Gold,
And ſmiling-Plenty in his Arms doth hold,
Who knows how He'd behave himſelf, ſhou'd He
Feel the hard ſtate of Want and Penurie?
Or with what firmneſs any Perſon wou'd
Abide the Rage and Odium of the Crowd;
That by their favour, almoſt all his Days,
High marks of Honour has receiv'd, and Praiſe?
We're Prompt enough our Comforts to apply,
And give advice to men in Miſery;
Why don't we rather to our Diſcontents
Afford theſe choice and healing Documents;

And turn th' Advice upon our ſelves, when God
Gives us a taſte of his reforming Rod?
We can ſubmit unto the Chyrurgion's Art,
To ſave the Body, with a gladſome Heart,
Can loſe a Limb, and for the ſmarting-Blow
Thank him, and for his pains reward him too.
Affliction is Gods Remedy, and this,
For the Souls Health, in ſome Diſtempers, is
As needful as Conſuming fire can be
To Cauterize a Gangreen'd Maladie:
And yet we are extreamly prone to break
Into ingrate Complaints, and to miſtake,
And look on that to be a mighty loſs,
And Miſery, which is not ſo to us,
But in the intention, and in the Effect,
Is a ſafe Cure, and doth our Good reſpect.
If Poverty, Sickneſs, or whatever we
Do Evil call, might but ſuppoſed be
To take upon them this unheard-of Task,
To Reaſon with us, and theſe Queſtions ask;
'Sirs, What's your Quarrel to us? Very fain
'We'd know what hurt you do by us ſuſtain?
'Have we been known at any time ſo rude,
'To take your Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude;
'Or any thing beſides that good was known,
'And you could call in proper Terms your own?
'May you not with us, as without us be
'As free from Cares, and live as Merrily?
To this we ought not, nor ſhould dare to ſpeak,
Silence muſt here the only anſwer make.
The Matter duly weigh'd, and underſtood,
We Good for Ill do take, and Ill for Good.
And our impatience is the moſt ſevere,
And greateſt Evil that befals us here.

VI.

In the concerns of others, it may be
We ſo may act Arts of Hypocriſie,
And ſhow ſuch Symptoms of a conſtant mind,
And Speech ſo well compact, that it would blind
The moſt diſcerning Eye; but in our own
Our cunning fails us, and the Cheat is ſhown.
Our Duty 'tis to ſhed a Pious Tear,
With thoſe that Weep, and in Affliction are;
But though our Tears in common be, there's no
Reaſon the Cauſe of them muſt be ſo too.
We are as much as in us lies, to be
A Friend to thoſe who are in Miſery,
If we receive an injury, let this
Be well conſider'd, that there nothing is
That can befall us, but there doth belong
Two handles to't, a right one, and a wrong;
Take it but by the right, and then we ſhall
Not look upon our ſelves as wrong'd at all.
The Man's unjuſt. If we do take't that way,
Theſe Furies haunt us, which our Peace deſtroy;
Revengful Anger, and wild Violence,
Which make a Mountain of each ſmall Offence.
But if we take it on the other ſide,
He's one for whom the Bleſſed Jeſus dy'd;
Redeem'd with us by the ſame precious Blood,
To the ſame Glory called out, and woo'd;
The turning of our thoughts this way, be ſure
Will to our minds a laſting Calm procure.
We likewiſe may (and herein Wiſdom's ſhown)
Upon it paſs this ſhort reflexion;
In matter of reproof we ſooner ſhall,
From a profeſſed Foe the truth of all

Our Follies hear, than from a Boſom Friend,
For 'tis his ſtudy to find faults, and bend
His moſt malicious Pow'rs to ſearch into
Our weakneſs more, and ſtricter than we do;
If we commit the thing that we ſhould not,
Or do neglect to do the thing we ought,
We ſhall be ſure to hear on't, for he'l ſoon
Blazon our failings over all the Town.
Let's therefore walk ſo warily, that we
May make ſome profit of his Enmitie,
And we ſhall be more careful when we know
That there's a Spy upon what-er'e we do.

VII.

Of all our Virtues Conſtancy's the Crown,
And the Perfection. The Reward alone
Is promis'd to beginners, yet 'tis ne're
Deliver'd but to thoſe that perſevere.
Wherefore above all other things let's be
Maſters of a reſolved Conſtancie.
In the aſcending to the lofty Top
Of a ſteep Mountain, if we once but ſtop,
In ſtead of ſtanding on its ſlipp'ry ſide,
We down again unto the bottom ſlide.
Firſt let's reſolve on what we are to do,
And then with fervour let us that purſue;
For none but he that is not in his Wits,
Will trifle's buſineſs off to do't by fits.
It is a weakneſs of the mind to be
Roving, and ſeeking of freſh Company,
New ſports, new places, when the fault of this
Wholly in us, not in the Climate is,
Or other Circumſtances which we are
Willing to charge with all our Follies here.

The tender Plant by oft removing dies,
And oftentimes the change of Remedies
Plungeth the Patient (which would elſe do well)
Into a Sickneſs that's incurable.
If the Divine Apoſtle at a loſs
I'th' Contemplation of his Duty was,
What will become of us, frail Creatures here,
Whoſe Virtues ſcarcely comparable are
Ev'n to his Imperfections, whereof he
So much complain'd in his Mortalitie.
The love of Learning endleſs is, nor can
Extinguiſh'd be, while there remains a Man.
The love of Riches never is to be
Suffic'd, although we heaps on heaps do ſee.
And the fond love of fading Honour ne're
Will be allay'd, while we Corruption bear.
So that we muſt this certain truth confeſs,
That there's no end of all our greedineſs
After the things, which in their Nature are
So ſhort-liv'd found, and ſo uncertain here.
But when we come unto that all Divine
And laſting Wiſdom, which would make us ſhine
Among the Bleſt, and give us endleſs Joys,
Then the leaſt touch and reliſh of it Cloys.
But this is not according to his known
And ſacred Precept, that commands each one
To be as perfect as the God of Bliſs,
Our good and Heav'nly Father, perfect is.
He that looks up but with a willing Mind
To that Example, ſhall not fail to find
A copious place for the encreaſe of each
Virtue of his, till he Perfection reach.

FINIS.

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